



A Iright, keep your hair on! Yes, issue 45 of THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS is here, so you can stop worrying. This week's fabby collection of goodies starts with Hair Today, Ghoul Tomorrow!, a tale of horror at the hairdresser's. Have you ever had a little too much taken off your fringe? Have you ever had a bit snipped from your ear? Have the curlers reduced your crowning glory to cinders? Yes? Well, I'm afraid there are worse horrors than these, which will send shivers down your spine! Talking of shivers, there's a chill in the air in The Ghost that came in with a Cold! If this doesn't freeze you into paralyzed fear, then ice Ghosts will! This is definitely a case for thermal underwear. Or even the Ghostbusters wearing thermal underwear! Have you ever known them to suffer from cold feet?

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERSTM is published by MARVEL COMICS 1TD., 1313 Arundel Street, London W.C.-118E REAL GHOSTBUSTERS title, logo design including the 1ft of Common Processing and Common Processing Common Proce

THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Movies seem to be the popular subject once more. After I presented Winston's chaice of supernatural movies (Guide 42). I got a lot of stick from Peter and Ray who said that Winston's choice had been rather hiased one-sided frankly, voghurt-orientated. To remedy this, I have invited the two of them to present an alternative listing.

THE VENKMAN-STANTZ FILM GUIDE

Right. Let's set the record straight. These are the really good horror films you should be looking out for. Me first. This one's my all-time favourite:

'The Creature from the Black Lagonda'

Absolutely brill monster flick that is quaranteed to keep you choking on your pop-corn, on the edge of your seat, right up to the closing moments. Olympic athlete Gary V. Browning stars as the evil creature that is part man, part Aston Martin, Over to you, Ray . . . Thanks, Pete. No list of movies top-ten horror would he complete without:

'The Thing from Another Dimension'

The bizarre 'Thing' turns up in a sleepy mid-west town and then the trouble starts.



PART45

Kevin Black and Shirley Surely star as the young couple who spend most of the film, walking around the thing, picking it up, squinting at it and trying to figure out what the devil it

'Escape from Scunthorpe'

Kirk Bussel stars in this knicker-gripping action film as the machine-gun toting mercenary hero who has to rescue the Mayor of Grimsby from mutant holiday makers in a post-apocalypse Scunthorpe. Once you've seen this movie, you'll never trust a deck-chair again. "Frankenstein has risen from

the Sunbed' Tropical horror as the man-

made monster tries to get a tan in time for his holiday in Benidorm. See sun-tan lotion mercilessly squeezed out of the bottle! See dark glasses ruthlessly worn! See a massive bill arrive from the health club! Back to you. Pete...

Thanks Ray. Just got space to mention a few all-time great B-features that should be included in the hall of

'Invasion of the Milk Snatchers'

A movie so horrible it defies description.

'An American Werewolf in Swindon'

Even more horrible than Invasion of the Milk Snatchers. Don't miss the amazing exploding lettuce in the closing moments.

'The Beast from 20,000 Fingers'

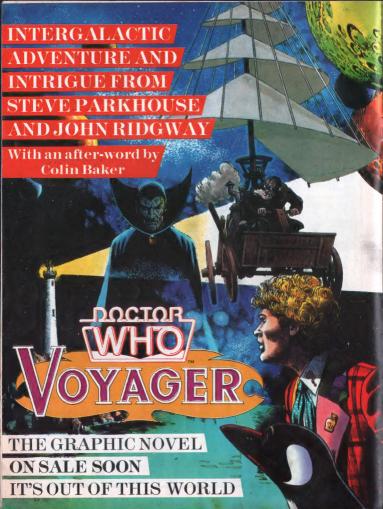
Quite horrible and terribly confused.

'The Texan Homecare Massacre'

Psychotic D.I.Y.ers go on the rampage in a superstore warehouse and do lots of damage before putting up freestanding shelves and screwing together some easy-to-assemble stacking tables.

Great, Pete, now how about 'Wobbly Blobs from Venus'?

Right. Thank you Ray. Thank you Peter. I don't think you're taking this entirely seriously...



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS





















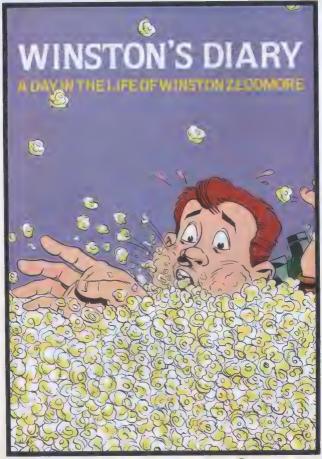


OLD FATHER TIME andTHE CHILD OF TOMORROW

These two spooks were a father and child team, who appeared on New Year's Eve. Old Father Time is the very person who is responsible for passing the 'Sands of Time' over to the Child of Tomorrow, who in turn is responsible for bringing in the New Year. This year, however, came in with something of a false start, for the Ghostbusters busted the spirit of old Father Time himself and halted the proceedings. A very angry

young spirit, in a nappy, thus came and demanded that his father should be released from the Ghost Trap, fairly understandably when you think about it! Anyway, the young sprout's wish was granted and the Spirit of Time was released allowing the New Year to commence in the usual manner. As they do say, 'Time is of the essence'! This was most certainly one pair of spirits which it would be unwise to put in confinement!





Saturday, 15th of April

I try and work to a few rules as a Ghostbuster. Don't spook until you're spooken to, never arm your proton blaster in polite company, don't mention Slimer to Peter unless you really have to, that sort of thing. But one of my major rules is, don't believe it until you see it.

That's a pretty good rule, toó – I mean, if someone told you that a giant jellyfish the size of the Empire State Building had just eaten Pier Twelve on the New York docks, would you believe it? Of course not. So when I actually saw a giant jellyfish eating piers Thirteen, Fourteen and a slight morse of number Six for good measure, well, I knew we had a major bust on our hands. Seeing is believing. I think that sort of rule pays

off in my job. Usually.

So after we busted the jellyfish - they don't move very fast, so it wasn't really so hard to do - Ray began to drive us back to Ghostbusters HQ. It was then that we got the call from Janine about the ghost in the cinema, scaring all the film-goers. Of course, I listened while Egon discussed the possible ghost types, and remembered the time he'd thought there was a poltergeist in a cellar. I later discovered it had been a rumbling water boiler. Peter mentioned it was the ghost of an usherette and I recalled the time he'd hunted a hot spirit in an ice cream parlour. It took him three hours to discover someone had turned the underfloor heating on by mistake.

When the manager of the cinema told Ray that very few people had actually seen this ghostly usherette, and those that had seemed to have decided to go on long vacations, I was a litt! suspicious. I suppose it's in my nature. After all, apart from the stories you do hear about the Real Ghostbusters, we often get at least twenty crank calls a day. Apart from wasting our valuable time, they don't make good stories. Anyway, Egon checked his PKE Meter, picked up a reading from theatre one and decided there might be something in the report. We went in.

So, sometimes it's wrong to be suspicious. We weren't in that cinema for more than a minute, checking the rows of seats and examining the screen, before the lights went out and we were plunged into an inky gloom. Of course, we put on our infra-red goggles, and could see each other by body heat – but we still couldn't see any ghost. It was only when it untied Ray's shoelaces and dropped ice cream down his neck, that I began to think there might be something in the report after all. This attack



on Ray, accompanied by some of the most awful screaming I've ever heard mostly from Ray soon had him sprawled over two rows of seats, as the still invisible ghost began to add popcorn to the mass of ice cream already making a mess of his clothes. "I've seen this one, it's really good!" came a ghostly shout hear Egon, just as Peter and I rushed to help Ray. A custard pie materialised from nowhere and slapped Egon straight in the face.

As he staggered about, I heard the sound of something running, in high heels, up the central aisle. Peter stood his ground until it materialised. It was a skeletal cinema usherette, complete with tattered uniform bearing down on him. "Choc ices! Ice Cream! Walnut whips!" it screamed, throwing them all at Peter from a serving tray slung around its neck. Peter tried to let off a proton blast, but, that usherette was quick, you know? He staggered once or twice then fell to the

floor, covered in a gooey mess. I knew that if we got out of this one, Peter would be unbearable for a week. You know as well as I do how Peter hates to

be covered in gooey mess!

By this time, I decided this incident more than met up to my Seeing is Believing rule, and decided to do something about it. Before the usherette could stop me, I raced for the doors marked EXIT. "Toilets on the left!" came a scream, as I was showered in popcorn. I got out, just avoiding most of it, and headed for the projection booth. Behind me, I heard the usherette again. "No talking, you! Have some popcorn!" Ray's wail of dismay drifted up the stairs behind me, which is more than I can say for the ghost. It was her mistake.

Up in the projection booth, I paused briefly to look at the two huge film projectors, then looked through the viewing window at the carnage below. Egon had managed to unleash a couple of blasts, from his ion cannon but the ghost must have been hiding on the back row or something, because the only damage he was doing was to the seating. Peter was still struggling in an even bigger glob of gloop, while Ray — well, he seemed to be trying to eat his way out of a huge pile of popcorn. I wondered

what to do

I thought that if I was lucky I could perhaps spot the usherette from further away and blast her from the booth - but although I could see what sort of trouble my fellow Ghostbusters were in, the viewing window was too small to get a wide angle of proton blast. I doubted if the smashing of glass would have gone unnoticed by the strange spectre. I looked desperately around for something to do, then spotted that the film projectors actually had a film in them! Inspiration hit me: quickly, I switched the gigantic machines on. They whirred into life and, before you could say 'This ghost is history', Frankenstein has risen from the sunbed had begun on screen. I ran downstairs as the suntan lotion began to flow, hoping the film would drown out any noise that I made getting back into the cinema.

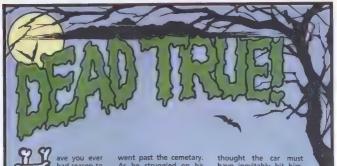
I needn't have worried. The film was pretty noisy, but so was Peter, shouting for help as he struggled on the floor. The ghostly usherette was standing at the back, waving her torch along the back row, watching the film. "Oooh, this is a new one," she was saying, "Stop talking and enjoy yourselves!" I'd gambled that she'd been so busy disrupting the cinema showings that she hadn't seen the film, and I was right - she was entranced by it. While the others struggled to free themselves, I activated a ghost trap, and blasted the usherette. Screaming wanted to see the bit with the sunglasses supposed to be gooooooooood!", she disappeared into the trap.



That was that. Well, almost – I had to help the others out of the popcorn, ice cream and custard pie mess they'd gotten into, and listen to Peter telling me he was just about to bust the ghost himself, when I'd done it for him.

I have another rule, too – Don't Believe a Ghostbuster Unless You Have A Witness. Especially Peter!





ave you ever had reason to suspect that your eyesight is not all that it is supposed to be? Or have you ever seen something which couldn't

thing which couldn't possibly be there and must have been a figment of your imagination?

Well, this is precisely what happened George Dobbs in 1940, in a small place just outside of Northampton, It was wartime and Britain was experiencing one of the worst winters in its history. Poor old George was none too impressed with this sad state of affairs and so, he decided to get the better of the situation and go down to his local pub, the Fox and Hounds, for a few beers

Shielding himself against the bitter weather and thoughts of gloomy war news, he set off on the icy path which

As he struggled on his way. George noticed that a car was approaching, bumping along on the road. Then. silhouetted in the headlights, George saw a cyclist pedalling towards him with some difficulty. The bike's tyres slipped and slided on the snow and ice. Upon seeing the figure, George felt perchance, that the man had no head ... no. it must have been a trick of the light.

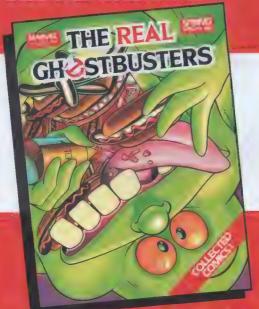
As the cyclist approached he became increasingly out of control. You might say he lost his head! Anyway, the car bore down upon the unfortunate bike-rider with undue haste and continued on its way to Market Harborough.

George was instantly struck with fear for the cyclist's safety and ran to thought the car must have inevitably hit him. Oh, no! There was nothing there! He couldn't believe it! No accident, no body, no nothing!

In a blind panic, he ran as fast as he could go to the pub where he blurted out his story in the uneasy silence. He had a feeling that his companions might think that the strain of wartime life in bleak weather might have gone to his head! But no! A man named Lid Green, who had been the local grave-digger for many years around these parts, looked George straight in the eye and said, "That sounds just like the chap I buried twenty-five years ago. He was knocked off his bike in deep snow outside the cemetary gates ... His head was torn off in the crash." Gulp!



ARE TO UTHOUSED BY TRANSIE HOISES IN THE MIGHT? DO YOU EXPERIENCE FEELINGS OF DREAD IN YOUR ATTIC OR CELLAR? DO CHILLS RUN DOWN OUR SPINE BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE FIRST SSUES OF THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS? THEN FEATING! THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS SPRING STORES.



-ON SALE NOW!-

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS











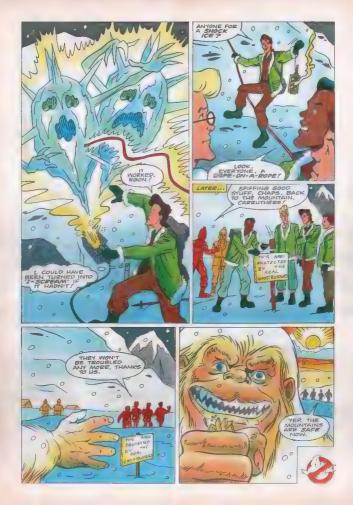
Story GRAEME WATSON @ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and CAM SMITH @ Lettering ANNIE H. @ Colouring STUART PLACE











GHOST WRITING!



Pen-pals of the world unite! Hello there all you busy correspondants out there. Thanks for all your letters and keep 'em coming!

Dear Peter..

I've got some questions for you:

1. What are ghosts before they become ghosts?

- 2. How big is Mr. Stay Puft?
 3. Why did the Ghostbusters change their uniforms?
 Victoria Thompson, Haves
- 1. Well, a ghost is basically the appearance of the soul of a once living person. Sometimes, it can be the ghost of an animal, or an inanimate object such as a house, but this is much more rare. 2. Mr. Stay Puft was big. I mean we are talking huge here! About the size of a very tall skyscraper. 3. The Ghostbusters got new uniforms when the old ones were contaminated with toxic ectoplasmic substances and had tobe destroyed.

Why is it that the elderly library ghost owned a skull instead of a face?

Daniel Ghile, Northampton

Well, that was what is generally known in the ghost busting trade as 'a neat party trick'. The art of changing form is something which some ghosts specialize in.

I would like to ask you some questions:

- 1. How many pairs of glasses has Egon got?
- 2. Is Ray on a diet?
- What is Winston's hobby?
 What would you do if you saw ten Marshmallow Men?
 Daniel Pitt, Maldon
- 1. Egon has got many pairs of glasses. He had about six or seven pairs at the last count, but it could be more.
- Dutit could be more.
 2. Are you kidding? He tries,
 but not hard enough to make
 any difference! 3. Winston's
 something of a film buff on the
 quiet. He likes a good movie
 and he likes music, too. 4. It's
 no good, I can't lie! I think you
 wouldn't see me for dust!

I have some questions to ask you:

 How can Winston fit all his long stories into the little space in his diary?

Deanne Turner, Dalkeith

That's a good question! It's not my habit to look in other people's diaries, but I think Winston's either got very small writing, or he has been learning shorthand without telling anyone! When Slimer slimes you, why doesn't he get smaller? I would have thought that he would have run out of slime by now. Gordon Handley, Waterlooville

That's a good question. You would think that the little potato-shaped gloop-ball would have wasted away to nothing, but not Slimer is made from ecto-plasmic energy which regenerates itself constantly, so unfortunately for me, he has an inexhaustable supply of slime.

When Slimer slimes you or anyone else, what do you do with the slime? Paul Toyell, London

We mop it up, of course. It just isn't normal and healthy having everything covered in glowing mucus!

I would like to ask you some questions:

- 1. On which day do you wash ECTO-1, and whose job is it? 2. Who answers the phone when Janine goes home at night?
- David Powell, Derby
- 1. ECTO-1 gets washed when there's time to do it and when it's dirty and is more often than not done by Ray who is quite protective about the lovable old bucket! 2. When Janine generally call the Ghostbusters' hotline. It's answered by whoever manages to get to the phone first!







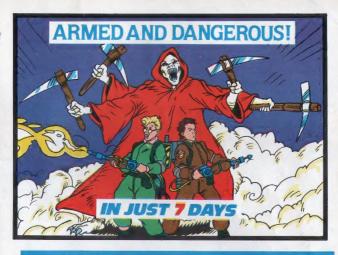












THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- TRANSFORMERS 214 Guess who's on the menu, when the Autobot Pretenders meet the Mecannibals, by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt. Also, Megatron must battle for his life in the arena, in part 2 of The Rise and Fall of the Deception Empire, by Furman and Sullivan, PLUS part 2 of the origin of the Visionaries.
- DEATH'S HEAD 6 It's a case of the unstoppable force meeting the immovable object in Sudden Impact, by Furman, Sharp and Marshall. In this case, the force is the Mayhem Squad, and the object is Death's Head. Need we say more?!
- ACTION FORCE 11 Some new additions this month. Apart from the two strip stories, Wild, Wild Life, by Abnett and Smith and featuring Outback and Psyche-Out, and the classic Coils of the Serpent by Collins, Hopgood and Harwood, you've got Mail Call, a Fact File on Zanzibar and a NEW T.A.C. page! Whey!

THE REAL CHOSTBUSTERS 45 There's an tcy theme to things this week with Ice Ghost, by Watson and pencilled by Griffiths, the Ghost who Came in With a Cold, by Donkin and Williamson, which features Slimer in the fridge! There's also Hair Today and Ghoul Tomorrow, by Donkin and pencilled by Williams, and a text story by Freeman.

DON'T MISS...

DOCTOR WHO 148 A whole host of features this month, with Special Effects notes from season 25, a report on the recording of Silver Nemesis, one of last season's most popular stories, and an interview with Eric Saward, writer of Attack of the Cybermen, PIUS a competition, a FREE poster of the seven Doctors and a strip written by Alan Grant, Invaders From Gantac, drawn by Martin Griffiths!

ON SALE NOW!

